

THE
Methodist Magazine,

FOR MAY 1797.

SERMON IV.

On JOSHUA xxiv. 15.

As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

1. **I**N the foregoing verses we read, That Joshua, now grown old, gathered the tribes of Israel to Shechem, and called for the elders of Israel, for their heads, for their judges and officers, and they presented themselves before the Lord, ver. 1. And Joshua rehearsed to them the great things which God had done for their fathers, ver. 2—13, concluding with this strong exhortation, *Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side the flood Jordan, and in Egypt*, ver. 14. Can any thing be more astonishing than this! That even in Egypt, yea, and in the wilderness, where they were daily fed, and both day and night guided by miracle, the Israelites in general should worship idols, in flat defiance of the Lord their God! He proceeds:—*If it seemeth evil to you to serve the Lord, chuse ye this day whom ye will serve: whether the gods your fathers served on the other side the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell. But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*

2. A resolution this, worthy of a hoary-headed saint, who had had large experience, from his youth up, of the goodness of the Master to whom he had devoted himself, and the advantages of his service. How much

is it to be wished, that all those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, all whom he has brought out of the land of *Egypt*, out of the bondage of sin, those especially who are united together in christian fellowship, would adopt this wise resolution! Then would the work of the Lord prosper in our land; then would his word run and be glorified; then would multitudes of sinners in every place stretch out their hands unto God, until *the glory of the Lord covered the land, as the waters cover the sea.*

3. On the contrary, what will the consequence be, if they do not adopt this resolution? If family religion be neglected? If care be not taken of the rising generation? Will not the present revival of religion, in a short time die away? Will it not be, as the historian speaks of the Roman state in its infancy, *Res unius ætatis*? An event that has its beginning and end within the space of one generation? Will it not be a confirmation of that melancholy remark of *Lutber's*, that "a revival of religion never lasts longer than one generation?" By a generation (as he explains himself) he means thirty years. But, blessed be God, this remark does not hold with regard to the present instance: seeing this revival from its rise in the year 1729, has already lasted above fifty years.

4. Have we not already seen some of the unhappy consequences of good men's not adopting this resolution? Is there not a generation arisen, even within this period, yea, and from pious parents, that know not the Lord? That have neither his love in their hearts, nor his fear before their eyes? How many of them already *despise their fathers, and mock at the counsel of their mothers*? How many are utter strangers to real religion, to the life and power of it? And not a few have shaken off all religion, and abandoned themselves to all manner of wickedness. Now although this may sometimes be the case, even of children educated in a pious manner, yet this case is very rare: I have met with some, but not many instances of it: the wicked-

ness of the children is generally owing to the fault or neglect of their parents. For it is a general, though not universal rule, as it admits of some exceptions, *Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*

5. But what is the purport of this resolution, *I and my house will serve the Lord?* In order to understand and practise this, let us first inquire, What it is to *serve the Lord?* Secondly, Who are included in that expression, *my house?* and, Thirdly, What can we do, that *we and our house may serve the Lord?*

I. 1. We may inquire, first, What it is to *serve the Lord*, not as a Jew, but as a Christian? Not only with outward service (though some of the Jews undoubtedly went farther than this) but with inward; with the service of the heart, *worshipping him in spirit and in truth.* The first thing implied in this service is faith; believing in the name of the Son of God. We cannot perform an acceptable service to God, till we believe on Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. Here the spiritual worship of God begins. As soon as any one has the witness in himself, as soon as he can say, *The life that I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me,* he is able truly to *serve the Lord.*

2. As soon as he believes, he loves God, which is another thing implied in *serving the Lord.* *We love him, because he first loved us,* of which faith is the evidence. The love of a pardoning God is *shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.* Indeed this love may admit of a thousand degrees: but still, every one as long as he believes, may truly declare before God, *Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.* Thou knowest that *my desire is unto thee and unto the remembrance of thy name.*

3. And if any man truly love God, he cannot but love his brother also. Gratitude to our Creator will surely produce benevolence to our fellow-creatures. If

we love him, we cannot but love one another, as Christ loved us. We feel our souls enlarged in love toward every child of man. And toward all the children of God we put on *bowels of kindness, gentleness, long-suffering, forgiving one another*, if we have a complaint against any, *even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us.*

4. One thing more is implied in *serving the Lord*, namely, the obeying him; the steadily walking in all his ways, the doing his will from the heart. Like those *his servants above, who do his pleasure, who keep his commandments and hearken unto the voice of his words*, these his servants below hearken unto his voice, diligently keep his commandments, carefully avoid whatever he has forbidden, and zealously do whatever he has enjoined: studying always to have a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man.

II. *I and my house will serve the Lord*, will every real christian say. But who are included in that expression, *My house*? This is the next point to be considered.

1. The person in your house that claims your first and nearest attention, is undoubtedly your wife: seeing you are to love her, even as Christ hath loved the church, when he laid down his life for it, that he might *purify it unto himself, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing*. The same end is every husband to pursue, in all his intercourse with his wife: to use every possible means, that she may be freed from every spot, and may walk unblameable in love.

2. Next to your wife, are your children; immortal spirits whom God hath for a time intrusted to your care, that you may train them up in all holiness, and fit them for the enjoyment of God in eternity. This is a glorious and important trust; seeing one soul is of more value than all the world beside. Every child therefore you are to watch over with the utmost care, that when you are called to give an account of each to the Father of Spirits, you may give your accounts with joy and not with grief.

3. Your servants of whatever kind, you are to look upon as a kind of *secondary children*: these, likewise, God has committed to your charge, as one that must give account: for every one under your roof that has a soul to be saved, is under your care: not only indentured servants, who are legally engaged to remain with you for a term of years: not only hired servants, whether they voluntarily contract for a longer or shorter time, but also those who serve you by the week or day; for these too are in a measure delivered into your hands. And it is not the will of *your* Master who is in heaven that any of these should go out of your hands, before they have received from you something more valuable than gold or silver. Yea, and you are in a degree accountable even for *the stranger that is within your gates*. As you are particularly required, to see that he does *no manner of work* on the Lord's-day, while he is within your gates: so, by parity of reason, you are required to do all that is in your power, to prevent his sinning against God in any other instance.

III. Let us inquire, in the third place, What can we do, that all these may *serve the Lord*?

1. May we not endeavour, First, To *restrain* them from all outward sin? From profane swearing, from taking the name of God in vain; from doing any needless work, or taking any pastime on the Lord's-day. This labour of love you owe even to your visitants; much more to your wife, children, and servants. The former, over whom you have the least influence, you may restrain by argument or mild persuasion. If you find, that after repeated trials, they will not yield either to one or the other, it is your bounden duty, to set ceremony aside, and to dismiss them from your house. Servants also, whether by the day, or for a longer space, if you cannot reclaim, either by reasoning, added to your example, or by gentle or severe reproofs, though frequently repeated, you must in anywise dismiss from your family, though it should be ever so inconvenient.

2. But you cannot dismiss your wife, unless for the cause of fornication, that is, adultery. What then can be done, if she is habituated to any other open sin? I cannot find in the bible, that a husband has authority to strike his wife on any account: even suppose she struck him first; unless his life were in imminent danger. I never have known one instance yet of a wife that was mended thereby. I have heard indeed of some such instances; but as I did not see them, I do not believe them. It seems to me, all that can be done in this case, is to be done partly by example, partly by argument or persuasion, each applied in such a manner as is dictated by christian prudence. If evil can ever be overcome, it must be *overcome by good*. It cannot be overcome by evil: we cannot beat the devil with his own weapons. Therefore if this evil cannot be overcome by good, we are called to suffer it. We are then called to say, "This is the cross which God has chosen for me. He surely permits it for wise ends: *let him do what seemeth him good*. Whenever he sees it to be best, he will remove this cup from me." Mean time continue in earnest prayer, knowing that with God no work is impossible: and that he will either in due time take the temptation away, or make it a blessing to your soul.

3. Your children while they are young you may restrain from evil, not only by advice, persuasion and reproof, but also by correction; only remembering, that this means is to be used last; not till all other have been tried, and found to be ineffectual. And even then you should take the utmost care, to avoid the very appearance of passion. Whatever is done should be done with mildness; nay, indeed, with kindness too. Otherwise your own spirit will suffer loss; and the child will reap little advantage.

4. But some will tell you, "All this is lost labour; a child need not be corrected at all. Instruction, persuasion, and advice will be sufficient for any child without correction; especially if gentle reproof be added, as occasion may require." I answer, there may be par-

ticular instances, wherein this method may be successful. But you must not in anywise lay this down as an universal rule: unless you suppose yourself wiser than Solomon, or, to speak more properly, wiser than God. For it is God himself, who best knoweth his own creatures, that has told us expressly, *He that spareth the rod, bateth the child; but he that loveth him chasteneth him be-times.* Prov. xiii. 24. And upon this is grounded that plain commandment, directed to all that fear God, *Chasten thy son while there is hope; and let not thy soul spare for his crying,* chap. xix. 18.

5. May we not endeavour, Secondly, to *instruct* them? To take care that every person who is under our roof, have all such knowledge as is necessary to salvation? To see that our wife, servants and children be taught all those things which belong to their eternal peace? In order to this, you should provide that not only your wife, but your servants also may enjoy all the public means of instruction. On the Lord's-day in particular, you should so fore-cast what is necessary to be done at home, that they may have an opportunity of attending all the ordinances of God. Yea, and you should take care that they have some time every day, for reading, meditation, and prayer. And you should inquire whether they do actually employ that time, in the exercises for which it is allowed. Neither should any day pass, without family prayer, seriously and solemnly performed.

6. You should particularly endeavour to instruct your children, early, plainly, frequently, and patiently. Instruct them *early* from the first hour that you perceive reason begins to dawn. Truth may then begin to shine upon the mind far earlier than we are apt to suppose. And whoever watches the first openings of the understanding, may by little and little, supply fit matter for it to work upon, and may turn the eye of the soul toward good things, as well as toward bad or trifling ones. Whenever a child begins to speak, you may be assured reason begins to work. I know no cause why a parent should not just then begin to speak of the best things,

the things of God. And from that time no opportunity should be lost, of instilling all truths as they are capable of receiving.

7. But the speaking to them early will not avail, unless you likewise speak to them *plainly*. Use such words as little children may understand, just such as they use themselves. Carefully observe the few ideas which they have already, and endeavour to graft what you say upon them. To take a little example: bid the child look up; and ask, "What do you see there?" "The sun." "See how bright it is? Feel how warm it shines upon your hand? Look how it makes the grass and the flowers grow, and the trees and every thing look green! But God (though you cannot see him) is above the sky, and is a deal brighter than the sun! It is He, it is God that made the sun, and you and me, and every thing. It is He that makes the grass and the flowers grow; that makes the trees green, and the fruit to come upon them! Think what he can do! He can do whatever he pleases. He can strike me or you dead in a moment. But he loves you: he loves to do you good. He loves to make you happy. Should not you then love *Him*? You love *me*, because I love you and do you good. But it is God that makes me love you. Therefore you should love him. And he will teach you how to love him."

8. While you are speaking in this, or some such manner, you should be continually lifting up your heart to God, beseeching him to open the eyes of their understanding, and to pour his light upon them. He, and he alone, can make them to differ herein from the beasts that perish. He alone can apply your words to their hearts: without which all your labour will be in vain. But whenever the Holy Ghost teaches, there is no delay in learning.

9. But if you would see the fruit of your labour, you must teach them not only early and plainly, but *frequently* too. It would be of little or no service to do it only once or twice a week. How often do you feed their bodies? Not less than three times in a day. And is

the soul of less value than the body? Will you not then feed this as often? If you find this a tiresome task, there is certainly something wrong in your own mind: You do not love them enough: or you do not love him, who is your Father and their Father. Humble yourself before him! Beg that he would give you more love; and love will make the labour light.

10. But it will not avail to teach them both early, plainly, and frequently, unless you *persevere* therein. Never leave off, never intermit your labour of love, till you see the fruit of it. But in order to this, you will find the absolute need of being endued with power from on high: without which, I am persuaded, none ever had, or will have, patience sufficient for the work. Otherwise the inconceivable dulness of some children, and the giddiness or perverseness of others, would induce them to give up the irksome task, and let them follow their own imaginations.

11. And suppose after you have done this, after you have taught your children from their early infancy, in the plainest manner you could, omitting no opportunity, and persevering therein, you did not presently see any fruit of your labour, you must not conclude that there will be none. Possibly the *bread which you have cast upon the waters* may be *found again after many days*. The seed which has long remained in the ground, may at length spring up into a plentiful harvest. Especially if you do not restrain prayer before God, if you continue instant therein with all supplication. Meantime whatever the effect of this be upon others, your reward is with the Most High.

12. Many parents, on the other hand, presently see the fruit of the seed they have sown, and have the comfort of observing, that their children grow in grace in the same proportion as they grow in years. Yet they have not done all. They have still upon their hands another task, sometimes of no small difficulty. Their children are now old enough to go to school. But to what school is it advisable to send them?

13. Let it be remembered, that I do not speak to the wild, giddy, thoughtless world, but to those that fear God. I ask then, "For what end do you send your children to school?" "Why, that they may be fit to live in the world." In which world do you mean? This or the next? Perhaps you thought of this world only: and had forgot that there is a world to come: yea, and one that will last for ever! Pray take this into your account, and send them only to such masters, as will keep it always before their eyes. Otherwise to send them to school (permit me to speak plainly) is little better than sending them to the devil. At all events then send your boys, if you have any concern for their souls, not to any of the large public schools (for they are nurseries of all manner of wickedness) but a private school, kept by some pious man who endeavours to instruct a small number of children in religion and learning together.

14. But what shall I do with my girls? By no means send them to a large boarding-school. In these seminaries too the children teach one another, pride, vanity, affectation, intrigue, artifice, and in short, every thing which a christian woman ought not to learn. Suppose a girl were well inclined, yet what would she do in a croud of children, not one of whom has any thought of God, or the least concern for her soul? Is it likely, is it possible, she should retain any fear of God, or any thought of saving her soul in such company? Especially as their whole conversation points another way, and turns upon things which one would wish she should never think of. I never yet knew a pious, sensible woman that had been bred at a large boarding-school, who did not aver, one might as well send a young maid to be bred in *Drury-lane*.

15. "But where then shall I send my girls?"—If you cannot breed them up yourself (as my mother did, who bred up seven daughters, to years of maturity) send them to some mistress that truly fears God, one whose life is a pattern to her scholars, and who has only so many, that she can watch over each, as one that must

give account to God. Forty years ago I did not know such a mistress, but I can now find several.

16. We may suppose your sons have now been long enough at school, and you are thinking of some business for them. Before you determine any thing on this head, see that your eye be single. Is it so? Is it your view, to please God herein? It is well, if you take him into your account. But surely, if you love or fear God yourself, this will be your first consideration. In what business will your son be most likely to love and serve God? In what employment will he have the greatest advantage, for laying up treasure in heaven? I have been shocked above measure, in observing how little this is attended to, even by pious parents! Even these consider only how he may get most money: not how he may get most holiness! Even these, upon this glorious motive, send him to a heathen master, and into a family where there is not the very form, much less the power, of religion! Upon this motive they fix him in a business which will necessarily expose him to such temptations, as will leave him not a probability, if a possibility, of serving God. O savage parents! Unnatural, diabolical cruelty!—If you believe there is another world.

“But what shall I do?” Set God before your eyes, and do all things with a view to please him. Then you will find a master, of whatever profession, that loves, or at least fears God; and you will find a family wherein is the form of religion, if not the power also. Your son may, nevertheless, serve the devil if he will: but it is probable, he will not. And do not regard if he get less money, provided he get more holiness. It is enough, though he have less of earthly goods, if he secure the possession of heaven.

17. There is one circumstance more wherein you will have great need of the wisdom from above. Your son or your daughter is now of age to marry, and desires your advice relative to it. Now you know what the

world calls a *good match*, one whereby much money is gained. Undoubtedly it is so, if it be true, that money always brings happiness. But I doubt it is not true: money seldom brings happiness either in this world or the world to come. Then let no man deceive you with vain words: riches and happiness seldom dwell together. Therefore if you are wise, you will not seek riches for your children, by their marriage. See that your eye be single in this also: aim simply at the glory of God, and the real happiness of your children, both in time and in eternity. It is a melancholy thing, to see how christian parents rejoice in selling their son or their daughter to a wealthy heathen! And do you seriously call this "*A good match!*" Thou fool, by a parity of reason, thou mayst call hell *a good lodging*, and the devil *a good master*. O learn a better lesson from a better master. *Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness*, both for *thyself and thy children, and all other things shall be added unto you.*

18. It is undoubtedly true, that if you are steadily determined to walk in this path; to endeavour by every possible means that you and your house may thus serve the Lord; that every member of your family may worship him, not only in form, but in spirit and in truth, you will have need to use all the grace, all the courage, all the wisdom, which God has given you. For you will find such hinderances in the way, as only the mighty power of God can enable you to break through. You will have all the "*saints of the world*" to grapple with, who will think you carry things too far. You will have all the powers of darkness against you, employing both force and fraud: and above all, the deceitfulness of your own heart, which, if you will hearken to it, will supply you with many reasons why you should be a *little more* conformable to the world. But as you have begun, go on in the name of the Lord, and in the power of his might! Set the smiling and the frowning world, with the prince thereof, at defiance. Follow reason and the oracles of God;

not the fashions and customs of men. *Keep thyself pure.* Whatever others do, let you and your house *adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.* Let you, your yoke-fellow, your children, and your servants, be all on the Lord's side; sweetly drawing together in one yoke, walking in all his commandments and ordinances, till every one of you *shall receive his own reward, according to his own labour.*



A short Account of Mr. SAMPSON STANIFORTH; in a Letter to the Rev. Mr. WESLEY.

[Continued from page 158.]

TWICE a week during our stay at Deptford, I went to the *Foundry* or *West-street* chapel, where I was always profited by your preaching. Here I became acquainted with her that is now my wife. After much consideration and prayer, I mentioned it to her. After a little while she answered, "If I was out of the army, and in some way of business, she had no objection." So here it rested for the present.

One day one of the society desired me to go to *Eltham* with a message. As soon as I came thither (it being three miles from our quarters) a sergeant and two soldiers seized me as a deserter. They brought me back as such to *Greenwich*, and carried me before the commanding officer. I told him the real case. He asked them, "Had you any passport?" On their answering, No; he said, "Make haste home, or I will order you to the guard-house." He then smiled upon me and said, "Go to your companions."

One night as we were coming from the *Foundry*, a soldier met me and said, "Make haste home; for early

in the morning, you are to march for *Canterbury* and *Dover*." I was a little struck, and did not find my mind so passive in all things as it used to be. When I came to *Deptford*, I found the orders were come. We spent great part of the night in prayer and praise, and early on April 22d, with many tears, left our dear friends at *Deptford*.

Before we set out, my dear companion was fully persuaded that I should get out of the army. But he prayed that he might not live to see it. And he believed God would grant his request.

We staid awhile at *Canterbury*, and met twice a day; but there was then no society there. Thence we marched to *Dover* castle. Here I received a letter from *Deptford*, informing me that my dear friend would be glad to see me once more. Having procured a furlough for fourteen days, I set out on May the 28th, about four in the afternoon, and not stopping, reached *Deptford* (sixty-seven miles) about four the next day. On the 12th of June (my permit being then out) I was married. The same day a letter from my officer informed me, That our regiment was embarking for *Holland*, and I must come immediately. So I took leave of my wife and friends, on my wedding-day, and set out without delay. The next day we began our march to *GraveSEND*, where the transports lay. We embarked on the 20th of June, with a fair wind. But when we were within sight of land, the ship wherein I was, stuck fast upon a sand-bank: we lay rolling about, every moment expecting the ship to break. Many of the soldiers cried to God for mercy: our little company, seizing the opportunity, exhorted them to forsake sin, and turn to God, which they promised to do, if he would please to spare them. All this time my soul was truly happy. I had peace with God, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

While preparation was making to save as many as possible, when the ship should sink, she gave a spring, and got off the bank; and in a few hours we came safe to *Williamstadt*. We marched immediately to camp,

(it being the latter end of June) being commanded by Prince *Charles* of *Lorrain*. In a few days we came with- in fight of the *French* army. My wife had desired me to apply for my discharge. But I thought this was not the proper time, as we expected a battle every day, lest I should seem afraid to fight, and so bring a scandal upon the gospel.

But we found those of our society that had been in *Scotland*, had lost their simplicity and zeal for God, and instead of that, spent all their time, in disputing about this and the other doctrine. But blessed be God, he kept all in our regiment of one heart and of one mind. We were almost always in fight of the *French*, they watching our motions, and we theirs. Mean time provisions were both scarce and dear: but I did not now dare to plunder. We marched through orchards and vineyards, where there was plenty of fruit, which I knew would be taken away in a few hours. But as faint as I was, I durst not touch it; because it was not my own.

All this campaign I had a solid dependence on God, and a thankful remembrance of all his mercies. And every thing which I had, I received as from the immediate hand of God. One day as we were marching, the bread-waggons did not reach us in time; and we were in great want of bread and of all provisions, while being on our march in fight of the enemy, we expected a battle every hour. We wanted water likewise; and here we saw the difference, between them that feared God, and them that did not. The latter cursed the king; and blasphemed God. And how did they groan and fret under their hardships! On the contrary, the former could cheerfully say, The will of the Lord be done! My soul was more than usually happy, rejoicing in God my Saviour. I felt much love and pity to my poor fellow-foldiers, and exhorted them to turn to God, and then they would find themselves happy, under every trying circumstance.

As I was marching in the ranks, I felt hunger bite hard, but had not a murmuring thought. I lifted up my heart to God, and knew he could supply all my wants. I had not gone far, before I found a piece of brown bread, which I picked up, and received as out of the hand of God. We had but little rest: we kept *Maeftricht* in our rear, as a place of retreat, if needed. And all our provisions came that way. This the *French* knew, and laboured to cut off our communication with it. The season began to be cold, and the two armies were so near together, that whichever retreated first, would be sure to suffer greatly. The *French* began to cut off our supplies. Prince *Charles* observing this, thought it high time to prepare for a retreat into our winter-quarters. So he ordered, that a strong party should advance in front of the army, to keep the *French* in play, and make them believe, he intended a general action. This consisted of two *English* regiments, whereof ours was one, with some *Hanoverians* and some *Dutch*, making in the whole about twelve thousand men. On Sept. 30th, we had orders to hold ourselves in readiness, and after gun-firing, to leave our tents standing, and march silently, about a mile in the front of the camp. Prince *Charles* ordered our commander to go to such a distance, and fortify his men: and to keep his post till further orders, or till he could keep it no longer.

We all thought the army was to cover us, in order to bring on a general engagement. But they were ordered to retreat with our cannon and baggage, to the other side of the town. This was done by two o'clock the next day. We advanced according to order, (after my companion had given me to understand, that we were to be parted that day). As soon as we came to the place appointed, we were drawn up in line of battle. We *English* posted ourselves in some gardens and orchards, which were some little cover. At day break the whole *French* army advanced in seven or eight columns all covered with horse on the right and left. They advanced slowly, while the queen of *Hungary's* light-horse

and theirs, skirmished between us and them. Here we lay waiting for orders to retreat to our army. But the prince forgot to send them, being busy with his cups and his ladies. So our brave general kept the field all day, in spite of the whole *French* army. I bless God I found no fear, but constant peace, and my spirit rejoiced in God. While we lay on our arms, I had both time and opportunity to reprove the wicked. And they would bear it now, and made great promises, if God should spare them, of becoming new men. By this time the *French* came very near us, and a cannon-ball came strait up our rank. But as we were lying upon the ground, it went over our heads. We then had orders, to stand up and fire. The right of the *French* being closely engaged with the *Dutch*, the *French* centre advanced, and fired on us and the other *English* regiment. The rest of the *French* inclined to the right of us, in order to get round us. They quickly took our two pieces of cannon, and immediately turned them upon us. We were then ordered to retire with all speed into the plain, where we expected to find our own army. But they were far enough off, their general taking no thought for us.

All this time I found a constant waiting upon God. All fear was removed. I had no tremor on my spirits, and the presence of God was with me all the day long. My dear companion was on my right hand, and had been all the night. As we were both in the front rank, a musket-ball came and went through his leg. He fell down at my feet, looked up in my face with a smile, and said, "My dear, I am wounded." I and another took him in our arms and carried him out of the ranks, while he was exhorting me to *stand fast in the Lord*. We laid him down, took our leave of him, and fell into our ranks again. In our farther retreat, I again met with my dear friend, who had received another ball thro' his thigh. But his heart was full of love, and his eyes full of heaven. I may justly say, Here fell a great christian, a good soldier, a faithful friend. I was obliged to leave him; for the *French* pressed hard upon us. Yet

I was enabled to say, *The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.* I trust I have seen many that were perfected in love: but none so full of it as my dear companion. He was always cheerful, but never light: always in prayer, but a man of few words. Not a thoughtless look or an idle word could be observed in him. Even to this day, when I think of him, it is both with pleasure and profit.

Night came on, but the *French* still pressing upon us, we retreated all night, till we came near *Maastricht*. It rained very hard, being the 30th of September, and was exceedingly cold. Toward morning, being out of the reach of the *French*, we had orders to halt. We had no tents, and it continued raining: however, being well tired, I lay down on the wet ground, put my knapsack under my head, and soon fell fast asleep. In the morning we had orders to march and join the grand army. The small remains of those whose lives had been so vilely thrown away, did so without delay.

But now I began to miss my companion. It seemed as if I had lost part of myself. I could have wished, that I had died by his side: but I found, I must look up, or I should sink into deep waters. I cried unto God, and he heard my prayer, and turned my heaviness into joy. After a few days, we marched to our winter-quarters, which were at *Bois-le-duc* in *Holland*. About this time I received letters from my wife, begging me to apply for my discharge, and she would send whatever money was wanting. I made this a matter of earnest prayer, and after several steps, procured a promise from our colonel, to discharge me for fifteen guineas. I wrote to my wife, and she sent a note, which was readily accepted. But in the mean time Col. *Philips* sold his commission. Our new colonel consented to discharge me for the same sum, on condition I would be his servant, till we came to *England*. But just at that time I fell ill of a fever, and orders came for our regiment to be clothed and to take the field. But no clothing came for me, and my arms were taken from me. I was still very ill

when the colonel told me, he would set out for *England* in a few weeks: "And if you are not able to go, I must leave you behind me." This threw me into much heaviness; but I cried to the Lord, and he soon turned it into joy. The fever instantly left me, and by the time appointed, I was able to attend on the colonel. My brethren and I spent great part of the night, in commending each other to God. I attended the colonel to *Helvoetsluys*, went on board the *Pacquet*, and landed at *Harwich* in eight and forty hours. And on the 22d of Feb. 1748, found my wife and all my friends well at *Deptford*.

[*To be continued.*]

THOUGHTS ON THE WRITINGS

OF

BARON SWEDENBORG.

By the Rev. John Wesley.

[*Continued from page 160.*]

Of the HOLY GHOST.

"**T**HE Holy Ghost is not God himself, but the divine operation of God."

"The Holy Ghost is divine truth. Therefore, our Lord himself is also the Holy Ghost."

"The divine operation signified by the Holy Ghost, consists in reformation and regeneration: and in proportion as these are effected, in renovation, vivification, sanctification, and justification: and in proportion as these are effected, in purification from evils, remission of sins, and final salvation."

Whoever is acquainted with the process of the work of God in the soul, must see with the fullest evidence that a man talking of it after this rate is, if not a madman, ignorant of all vital religion.

15. Another grand truth which the Baron flatly denies, is *Justification by Faith*. And he not only denies it, but supposes the belief of this also, to exclude all that believe it from salvation.

“Do not you know that Luther has renounced his error, with respect to *Justification by Faith*? And, in consequence thereof, is translated into the societies of the blessed?”

“The bottomless pit, mentioned Rev. ix. 2, is in the south-east quarter. Here all those are confined who adopt the doctrine of *Justification by Faith alone*. And such of them as confirm that doctrine by the word of God, are driven forth into a desert, and mixed with pagans.”

However they need not stay there always. For the Baron assures us, “Believing that God is not wind, but a man, and then they will be joined to heaven.”

And we may hope the time is near. For he informs us, That “some months ago, the Lord called together his twelve apostles, and sent them forth through the whole spiritual world, as formerly through the natural, with a commission to preach the gospel.”

So if men have not saving faith in this world, they may have it in the world to come.

But indeed there is no room for any justification in the scripture sense, that is, forgiveness, if as he vehemently asserts (after Jacob Behmen) that God was never angry. “It is extravagant folly, says he, to teach that God can be angry and punish.” Nay, “it is blasphemy,” says this bold man, “To ascribe anger to God.” Then the scripture is full of blasphemy; for it continually ascribes anger to God, both in the Old and the New Testament. Nay, our Lord himself is a blasphemer. For he “ascribes anger to God.” *His Lord was wroth: yea, wroth to such a degree, that he delivered him to the*

tormentors. *So likewise shall your heavenly Father do also unto you, Matt. xviii. 34, 35.* In flat opposition to which the Baron affirms, “God cannot sentence man to damnation!”

To those who affirm with Jacob Behmen, the Baron, and most of the mystics, That there is no wrath in God, permit me to recommend the serious consideration of only one more passage of scripture. *And the kings of the earth, and the great men—and every bondman, and every freeman—said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come: and who shall be able to stand? Rev. vi. 15, 16, 17.* Here I would ask, 1. Is not *He that sitteth on the throne*, distinct from the *Lamb*? 2. Is not the *Lamb*, Jesus Christ? God and man? 3. Is no “wrath ascribed to him” in these words? Who but a madman can deny it? And if there was no wrath in the Lamb, what were all these afraid of? A shadow, that never had any real existence? Would the Baron have told them, “It is extravagant folly to suppose, that God can be angry at all?”

16. But it is no wonder that he should utter such bold assertions, seeing he judges himself to be far wiser, not only than the inhabitants of this, but than those of the other world. “I was amazed, says he (in one of the visits he favoured them with) that people who had resided some time in the spiritual world, should be so ignorant still. Lest they should continue so, I waved my hand as a token for them to listen.” He informs you farther, “that some of them fell into fits.” Hysterical or epileptic?

Again. “Being on a time in a conversation with angels, there joined us some spirits lately arrived from the other world. I related many particulars touching the world of spirits, which were *before unknown to them.*”

Yet again. “Being in the world of spirits, I observed a paved way, quite crowded with spirits, I was in-

formed, it was the way which all pass, when they leave the natural world. I stopped some of them, who did not yet know that they had left it, and questioned them about heaven and hell. They seemed altogether ignorant of them. I was amazed and said, There is a heaven and a hell : and you will know this, when your present stupidity is dispelled. Every spirit, for a few days after death, imagines he is still alive in the world." [No, not an hour ; not a single moment ! It is absolutely impossible.] " This is now the case with *you*. So saying, the angels dispelled their ignorance : on which they exclaimed, O where are we ? We said, You are no longer in the natural world, but in the spiritual. They cried out, Then shew us the way to heaven. We said, Follow us. They did so. The keepers of the gate opened it, and let us all in. But when those who receive strangers examined them, they said instantly, Begone : for ye have no conjunction with heaven. So they departed and hastened back."

17. Permit me now to mention a few of his peculiar sentiments, before I proceed to those relative to the world of spirits.

" These truths are implanted in the understanding, in a place inferior to the soul."

What place is that in the understanding, which is *inferior to the soul* ?

" Faith enters into man from the soul, into the *superior regions* of the understanding."

Is then the soul placed between the *superior* and *inferior region* of the understanding ?

" The human understanding is, as it were, the *refining vessel*, wherein natural faith is changed into spiritual faith."

I cannot at all comprehend this. It is quite above my understanding.

" The human mind is an organized form, consisting of spiritual substances within, and of natural substances without, and lastly, of material substances."

Nay, natural substances must be either matter or not matter. But indeed, the mind is not matter, but spirit.

“Every man at death casteth off the body, and retains the soul only, without circumambient accretion, which is derived from the purest parts of nature. But this accretion in those admitted into heaven is undermost, and the spiritual part uppermost; whereas in such as go to hell it is uppermost, and the spiritual part undermost. Hence a *man-angel* speaks by influence from heaven; a *man-devil* by influence from hell.”

“The form of God is truly and verily human: for God is true and very man.”

But the scripture says, *God is not a man*. Which shall I believe? The Bible or the Baron?

This is my grand objection to the Baron's whole system relative to the invisible world: that it is not only quite unconnected with scripture, but quite inconsistent with it. It strikes at the very foundation of scripture. If this stands, the Bible must fall.

18. The account which he gives of the creation is this. “By the light and heat proceeding from the spiritual sun, spiritual atmospheres were created. These being three, three heavens were formed, one for the highest angels: another for angels of the second degree, and the third for the lowest angels. But the spiritual universe could not subsist, without a natural universe. Therefore the natural sun was created at the same time. And by means of his light and heat, three natural atmospheres were formed, enclosing the former, as the shell of a nut does the kernel.” (So then the spiritual world is inclosed in the natural! I thought it had been “in the midst between heaven and hell”!) By means of these atmospheres the terraqueous globe was formed, to be the abode of man and other animals. So God *did not create the universe out of nothing*, but by means of the spiritual sun.”

But out of what did he create the spiritual sun? It was created, unless it was eternal. Therefore this, or

something else was *created out of nothing*, unless some creature was co-eternal with its Creator. So that we must come at last to something created out of nothing : and this alone is properly creation. In this sense it was that *God in the beginning created the heavens and the earth*. And what a sublimity is there, with the utmost simplicity, in the Mosaic account of the creation ! How widely different from the odd, whimsical account of the Baron and *Jacob Behmen* ?

19. He informs you farther, " There is a full correspondence between angels and men." (Of what kind ! Not the wisest mortal can guess, till the Baron unfolds the mystery !) " There is not a single society in heaven which does not correspond with some part or member in man. One society in heaven is in the province of the heart or pancreas. Others are in correspondence with the spleen or the stomach ; with the eye or the ear, and so on. The angels also know, in what district of any part of man they dwell. I have seen a society of angels, consisting of many thousands, which appeared as a single man."

" And God joins all the heavenly societies in one, that they may be as a single man in his fight. Yea, and he joins together the congregations in hell, that they be as a single infernal form. He separates these from heaven by a great gulph, lest heaven should be an occasion of torment to them. When I had informed an assembly of spirits of these things, which they did not know before, the spirits which wore hats departed, *with their hats under their arms*. In the spiritual world, the intelligent spirits *wear hats*, but the stupid *wear bonnets* : because they are bald ; and baldness signifies stupidity."

I really think this needs no comment. He that can receive it, let him receive it.

20. " As angels and spirits are men (for no angel was ever created such) so they have divine worship. They have preaching in their temples ; they have books and writings ; particularly, the word of God."

“The Word, kept in the temples of the spiritual world, shines like a star of the first magnitude : sometimes like the sun, and from the radiance that encompasses it, there are beautiful rainbows formed about it. Yea, when any verse of it is wrote on paper, and the paper thrown into the air, that paper emits a bright light of the same form with the paper itself. And if any one rubs his hands, face, or clothes against the word, they emit a strong light, as I have often seen. But if any one who is under the influence of falsehood, looks at the word, as it lies in the holy repository, it appears to him quite black. If he touches it, it occasions an explosion, attended with a loud noise : and he is thrown to a corner of the room, where he lies as dead for the space of an hour. If he write any passage of it on a piece of paper, and the paper be thrown up toward heaven, the same explosion follows, and the paper is torn to pieces and vanishes away.”

Observe. These things could only be done, by the almighty power of God. And can any one think the All-wise God, would work all these miracles for no end ?

21. “Every verse communicates with some particular society in heaven. And the whole communicates with the universal heaven. Therefore, as the Lord is God, so also heaven is the Word.” Exquisite nonsense and self-contradiction !

“There was an ancient word extant in the world, previous to that given to the children of Israel.” (I cannot believe it. I believe there were no letters in the world, till God wrote the two tables.) “This word is preserved in heaven : and also in Great Tartary.”

“I have conversed with angels who came from Great Tartary, and they informed me, the Tartars have had it time immemorial. They said likewise, that in this word is contained *the book of Jasher*, mentioned Josh. x. and the book called *The wars of the Lord*, mentioned Num. xxi. 13. They told me that they cannot endure any foreigner to come among them : that the spirits from

Tartary are separated from others, dwelling in a more eminent expanse : and they do not admit among them, any from the christian world. The cause of this separation is, because they are in possession of another word."

What, and do they *envy* it to others! And does this envy occasion their being so *inhospitable*? One may boldly say, this information never came from the angels of God!

[*To be continued.*]



An Extract from A SURVEY of the WISDOM of GOD in the CREATION.

[*Continued from page 165.*]

THE ear consists of an outward porch and inner rooms. The porch, somewhat prominent from the head, is of a cartilaginous substance, covered with tight membranes and wrought into sinuous cavities. These, like circling hills, collect the wandering undulations of the air, and transmit them, with a vigorous impulse, to the finely stretched membrane of the *drum*. This is expanded upon a circle of bones, over a polished, reverberating cavity. It is furnished with *braces* that strain or relax, as the sound is faint or strong. The *hammer*, and the *anvil*, the winding *labyrinth*, and the sounding *galleries*, these and other pieces of mechanism, all instrumental to *hearing*, are inexpressibly curious.

Amazingly exact must be the tension of the *auditory nerves*, since they answer the smallest tremors of the atmosphere, and distinguish their most subtil variations. These living chords, tuned by an almighty hand, and spread through the echoing isles, receive all the impres-

sions of sound, and propagate them to the brain. These give existence to the charms of music, and the still nobler charms of discourse.

The eye is useless amidst the gloom of night. But the ear hears through the darkest medium. The eye is on duty only in our waking hours : but the ear is always accessible.

As there are concussions of the air, which are discernible only by the instruments of hearing, so there are *odoriferous* particles wafted in the air, which are perceivable only by the *smell*. The *nostrils* are wide at the bottom, that more effluvia may enter ; narrow at the top, that when entered they may act more strongly. The steams that exhale from fragrant bodies, are fine beyond imagination. Microscopes that shew thousands of animals in a drop of water, cannot bring one of these to our sight. Yet so judiciously are the olfactory nets set, that they catch the vanishing fugitives. They imbibe all the roaming perfumes of spring, and make us banquet even on the invisible dainties of nature.

Another capacity for pleasure our bountiful Creator has bestowed, by granting us the powers of *taste*. This is circumstanced in a manner so benign and wise, as to be a standing plea for temperance, which sets the finest edge on the taste, and adds the most poignant relish to its enjoyments.

And these senses are not only so many sources of delight, but a joint security to our health. They are the inspectors that examine our food, and inquire into the properties of it. For the discharge of this office they are excellently qualified, and most commodiously situate. So that nothing can gain admission, till it has past their scrutiny.

To all these, as a necessary supplement, is added the sense of *feeling*. And how happily is it tempered between the two extremes, neither too acute, nor too obtuse ! Indeed all the senses are exactly adapted to the exigencies of our present state. Were they strained

much higher, they would be avenues of anguish, were they much relaxed, they would be well nigh useless.

The crowning gift, which augments the benefits accruing from all the senses, is *speech*. Speech makes me a gainer by the eyes and ears of others; by their ideas and observations. And what an admirable instrument for articulating the voice, and modifying it into speech, is the *tongue*? This little collection of muscular fibres, under the direction of the Creator, is the artificer of our words. By this we communicate the secrets of our breasts, and make our very thoughts audible. This likewise is the efficient cause of music: it is soft as the lute, or shrill as the trumpet. As the tongue requires an easy play, it is lodged in an ample cavity. It moves under a concave roof, which gives additional vigour to the voice, as the shell of a violin to the sound of the strings.

Wonderfully wise is the regulation of *voluntary* and *involuntary* motions. The will, in some cases, has no power: in others she is an absolute sovereign. If she commands, the arm is stretched, the hand is closed. How easily, how punctually are her orders obeyed!—To turn the screw, or work the lever, is laborious and wearisome. But we work the vertebræ of the neck, with all their appendent chambers; we advance the leg, with the whole incumbent body: we rise, we spring from the ground, and though so great a weight is raised, we meet with no difficulty or fatigue.

That all this should be effected without any toil, by a bare act of the will, is very surprizing. But that it should be done, even while we are entirely ignorant of the manner in which it is performed, is most astonishing! Who can play a single tune upon the spinnet, without learning the difference of the keys? Yet the mind touches every spring of the human machine, with the most masterly skill, though she knows nothing at all of the nature of her instrument, or the process of her operations.

The eye of a rustic, who has no notion of optics, or any of its laws, shall lengthen or shorten its axis, dilate and contract its pupil, without the least hesitation, and with the utmost propriety: exactly adapting itself to the particular distance of objects, and the different degrees of light. By this means it performs some of the most curious experiments in the Newtonian philosophy, without the least knowledge of the science, or consciousness of its own dexterity!

Which shall we admire most, the multitude of organs? Their finished form and faultless order? Or the power which the soul exercises over them? Ten thousand reins are put into her hands: and she manages all, conducts all, without the least perplexity or irregularity. Rather with a promptitude, a consistency and speed, that nothing else can equal!

So *fearfully and wonderfully* are we made! Made of such complicated parts, each so nicely fashioned, and all so exactly arranged; every one executing such curious functions, and many of them operating in so mysterious a manner! And since health depends on such a numerous assemblage of moving organs; since a single secretion stopped, may spoil the temperature of the fluid, a single wheel clogged may put an end to the solids: with what holy fear, should we *pass the time of our sojourning here below*! Trusting for continual preservation, not merely to our own care, but to the Almighty Hand, which formed the admirable machine, directs its agency, and supports its being!

[*To be continued.*]

Some Account of Mr. WILLIAM GREEN.

[*Concluded from page 173.*]

TOWARD the latter end of the year 1774, it pleased God to stir me up anew. I was deeply convinced of my fall. I again felt foolish desires, the fear

of man, and various other evils in my heart. And I could truly say,

“ ’Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone !”

Till that memorable day, Dec. 12, 1774 ; yea, on the former part of that day, I was torn by unruly passions, by the love of the world, and a train of evils. Yet in the midst of all, I poured out my soul to God in much prayer. In the midst of all, a thought sprung up, “ I will go to the tabernacle.” I went, being still in the spirit of prayer. Mr. *Jos*s preached from part of the fourth chapter to the Romans. Although I could not agree with him, that “ All believers are staggerers,” yet his preaching so much below my experience, was sanctified to me. I looked to God, and the spirit of supplication was poured into my soul. I was athirst for God, I opened my mouth wide, and indeed he filled it. He spoke to my heart, *I will cleanse thee from all thy filthiness, and from all thine idols.* These words passed my mind several times, before I attended to them. At length I started and thought, surely this is the voice of God to my soul. I determined to hold the promise fast, though Satan endeavoured to tear it from me. This was about the middle of the sermon, the latter part of which was made very useful to me, the Spirit of God applying it in a higher sense than the preacher intended it. I went home, praying all the way, my whole attention being fixed upon,

“ The sure prophetic word of grace,
That glimmer’d through my nature’s night.”

I was not sensible what the Lord had done for me, till I entered my room. The first thing I saw there was my snuff-box. This idol had long divided my heart (though I never took it with me to the house of God) and had given me inexpressible pain. But I now felt all desire of it was gone. I know not any thing wherein

I could have been more sensible of my liberty. It was a right eye : and I had been wedded to it as much as I formerly was to a pack of cards. I felt unspeakable happiness in my deliverance. But a quere came, "How will it be to-morrow?" It was answered in my heart, "To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant."

The next morning I rose to the preaching with ease, which before seemed an impossibility. In the course of a day, there are not wanting in a family, many little trying circumstances. Some temptations also to pride, to anger and to self-will, presented themselves. But in all things I was more than conqueror. The fear of man likewise was removed, so that I could reprove, warn, and exhort every one. Mean time the promises flowed into my heart without obstruction. I easily perceived the change was universal, and felt that I was *cleansed from all my idols and from all my filthiness*. And I seemed to have light equal to my love ; so that in one week I had a clearer insight into the life of faith, than I had for several years. Thus Jesus saves his people from their sins.

My heart being thus set at liberty, a thought which I had had years before, that it was the will of God I should be a preacher, returned with greater force than ever. But I remembered, *He that believeth, shall not make haste*, and was thoroughly willing to wait God's time. I knew it was God's work, and his only, to make a preacher of the gospel, and that the more passive I was, the more fit I should be for the Master's use. In this peaceful frame of mind I remained, attending to the leading of his Spirit, and the opening of his providence, till not long after I went with some of our friends to a workhouse, where one of them preached. I felt great love to the poor people. As we were coming back one of our brethren asked me, "Are you willing to give them a sermon next Sunday morning?" I looked upon this to be a call of Providence, and therefore durst not refuse it. So I went and spoke to them from these

words, "Ask and it shall be given you:" and I had a testimony within, that I pleaded God.

Not long after, being exceedingly weary in body, and having much business upon my hands, my spirits sunk, and I thought, "How is it possible for me to work till twelve o'clock at night? Besides, I am to preach at the workhouse in the morning." Just then the power of the Highest overshadowed me, and God spoke with power, "Lo! I am with thee always." The words pointed me, at first, to the work I had to do the next morning. But I thought also, should not I expect power *now*, to carry me through my business? Weariness vanished away, and I went on swiftly, for the grace of God carried me.

In the morning I preached as I had appointed: when I had done, I thought, I have made a *stammering* piece of work. But that word was immediately applied, *The tongue of the stammerer shall speak plainly*. From this time, I constantly attended the workhouse, but was particularly careful to keep the life of God in my own soul. I saw religion was neither more nor less than the constant union of the soul with God, and used all diligence to shun those rocks on which I had split before. I laboured to retain a sense of the littleness of my understanding, that I might always be open to instruction: and I depended not on my graces or gifts, but upon the giver, living by faith on the Son of God.

As to the acting in a more public manner, I was entirely passive. I thought, if ever I do speak in public, I will be a preacher of God's making. In this spirit I continued till going to the *Foundry* one Saturday evening, I was informed, that Mr. *Wesley* had appointed me to preach there, the next morning. I was surprised: but I thought, how can I honour my spiritual Father, unless I do what he orders me? So I went and preached on, *The Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple*. For a minute after I had named my text, I trembled and could hardly utter a word. But I then found help, and spoke about forty minutes without any

difficulty. Afterwards I preached at *Bow*, on, *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord*. And after a few trials, I was thoroughly convinced, that, provided his soul be truly alive to God, the life of a preacher of the gospel is the happiest life under heaven.

I was now received into the number of local preachers. But I was fearful of putting myself forward, lest I should run before the Spirit. I never asked to preach at this or the other place, receiving the appointment of the assistant as a call from God. How happy would it be for the preachers, if they were all to follow the guidance of the Spirit, rather than their own will! Then nothing would come amiss. In a few months I preached in all the chapels in *London*, and when summer came on, in *Moorfields*, *Marybone-Fields*, and on *Tower-Hill*: all the time blessing God for being kept from that false humility which shackles so many! My unfitness never stood in my way. Indeed I cannot but think all who are called of God to preach, are some way fitted for the work: if not, the Lord of the vineyard does not know his business! However, sure I am, that humility of this kind, is inconsistent with perfect love. I believe, genuine humility makes a man invulnerable, by the praise or dispraise of men.

From this time I continued to preach, and to labour diligently with my hands, that I might provide things honest in the sight of all men, till in August 1777, I was called to suffer the will of God, being about three months under a surgeon's hands; he at last pronounced the case desperate; of which my wife informed me with tears in her eyes. In that instant, three scriptures came to my mind, *All power is given to me in heaven and in earth*. *The things impossible with men are possible with God*. *The right-hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence*; and I was fully assured, I should not die: mean time I suffered the will of God willingly, cheerfully, joyfully. By this illness I was cured of another disorder, which otherwise must have been my death, and

was made more capable both inwardly and outwardly, of doing the work I was called to.

When I gathered strength, I was advised to go into the country ; and being recommended to our friends at *Dorking*, I spent sixteen days with them. May God repay them for the love they shewed me ! When I came back I was quite capable of my business, which I cheerfully entered upon, being equally willing to work at my trade, or to preach the gospel. But in the latter end of July 1780, one asking me, whether I had no thoughts of being a travelling preacher ? I owned, I had : and having just buried two of my children, I thought the time was come. I was accordingly proposed at the *Bristol* conference, and appointed for the *Salisbury* circuit. Many of my prudent friends blamed me much for leaving a quiet, comfortable business. But I had counted the cost. So on Monday, Sept. 11, I set out for *Salisbury*. When I left my wife and three children, I felt a mixture of joy and grief, but with a full resignation to the will of God. I have been about five months in my circuit, and am more convinced, that this is the pleafantest life under heaven. Though I have left my wife and children, and dearest friends, and house, and business, and wander about, chiefly on foot, through cold and rain, I find my mind uninterruptedly happy : I feel a constant witness of the work wrought in my heart by the Spirit of Holiness. I have received in this world a hundred fold : and I know, that when my earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of God ; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens !

An Extract from the Diary of ELIZABETH M^cKEAN, afterwards the Wife of Alexander Cook ; who having experienced the Cares of a Family, for several Years, died in the Lord, at Philadelphia, on the 12th Day of April, 1796, and is now at Rest in Abraham's Bosom.

MONDAY, October 1st, 1785. My mind was uncomfortable all the morning ; but in the evening I felt the Lord's goodness in a wonderful manner : my tongue cannot express the joy that I had, and the love which I felt to God.

Monday, October 8th. I was much cast down all day. This being my class night, I find it a great cross to attend, and yet I dare not stay away ; to neglect it, would be acting contrary to my conscience. Thou, O God, knowest the thoughts and intentions of my soul !

Thursday, 11th. When I awoke this morning, my thoughts were drawn out to God in a wonderful manner. I arose and went to prayer, and find great comfort in early rising, and morning devotion. It is not so agreeable to flesh and blood, to rise of a cool morning before it is light ; but if I gain spiritual warmth and light to my soul, in the duty, surely it is worth while to take up the cross. In the after-part of the day my mind was drawn after the things of this world. May the Lord give me to see, how vain all things are here below ! Without divine assistance, I am weak as helpless infancy.

Sunday, 21st. This morning I made it my earnest prayer to God, that he would enable me to spend the day to his glory. I attended morning preaching, and the word came with power to my heart—the text was, 1 Peter, ii, 7. *Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious.* This day I received the sacrament, with thanksgiving and great joy : the language of my heart was,

None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ in earth or heaven.

Monday, 22d. I felt a deadness in duty, and discovered that all evil tempers were not subdued. The enemy with his fiery darts attacked me. O Lord, give me to see the sinfulness of my heart, and enable me when trials come, to look to thee by faith, in humble love! And, for Jesus' sake, may I see and feel the tempter fly!

Wednesday, 24th. This morning I had power, and experienced great sweetness in private prayer. My mind was much composed through the day—But in the evening Mrs. V—— was on a visit at my mother's, and her conversation rather drew me into such a trifling spirit, that I almost forgot myself. The Lord pity and forgive me.

Monday, 29th. In the evening I enjoyed a peace of mind that the world knows nothing of. And what added to my joy, was, that this evening two of my sisters joined in class with me. What reason I have to be thankful to God, who has answered prayer in behalf of my dear sisters? It gives me more joy than I can express! O Lord, may they and I have true faith and holiness; without which none can see thy face!

Wednesday, 31st. This morning I awoke just as the clock struck five. My mind was filled with thoughts concerning my never-dying soul. O what a merciful God I have, to shew me, in some measure, what I am by nature and what I must be by grace! I continued in contemplation, and when the clock struck six, thought I, another hour is past and gone for ever. O how am I indebted to my great Redeemer and Lord for health and strength, food and raiment; and for tender parents and other comforts: But above all, what obligations I am under to Christ, who suffered and died for me and all mankind. Was there ever love like this! May I take thy yoke, and learn of thee, my Lord; without which, there is no rest to my soul. O God, increase my desires!

Saturday, November 3d. I was rather in a cold, lifeless frame. A lukewarm spirit I find to be an inlet

to wrong tempers, and, of consequence, must be hurtful to me, and displeasing to God.

Sunday, November 4th. This morning, before preaching, my soul was greatly drawn out in prayer for faith, which I know to be the gift of God. I think that I had a clearer discovery of my heart, than ever I had before. Blessed be God who gives me to see the sinfulness of my nature, before it is too late. What judgments have I deserved—but what mercies have I received. In private prayer the language of my mind was,

Thy resurrection's power impart,
And rise triumphant in my heart.

Saturday, 10th. This morning I attended preaching; but did not find much life in the duty. My brother and I were to set out to-day on a visit, which I thought so much of, that I almost forgot I was in the presence of God. After returning from preaching, I went to prayer, with an earnest desire that the Lord would put a stop to our journey, if it was not pleasing to him. After breakfast, brother Joseph and I set out for Ann's-Mount. My aunt and cousins received us with great emotions of pleasure. I pray that the Lord may protect me, until I return home, from the dangers of visiting.

Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

Monday, 19th. I returned home after an absence of nine days. What pleasure it gave me to meet my mother and sisters once more. O may we all meet at last around the throne of God! What inexpressible gladness there, where pain and parting will be no more.

January 1st, 1786. I rose this morning under great indisposition of body; but, through the mercy of God, I went to preaching, and was much comforted under the word. What reason have I to be thankful, that the goodness of God has preserved unworthy *me* to see

the beginning of another year. Many have been cut off in the last year, and have entered on their unalterable state. O Lord, grant that I may for the future so live, in all diligence to make my calling and election sure, that when I am called away, I may go in peace and meet thy saints in glory!

An Account of the late Mr. CHARLES GREENWOOD, of London, who died Feb. 20, 1783.

FROM his early years he had convictions of sin, and the drawings of God. While he was 'prentice, he constantly attended gospel preaching: in doing which he was much opposed. When he was out of his time, it was impressed on his mind to count the cost, whether he would chuse God or the world. He prayed much, and the Lord strengthened him to give up all for Him. About the time he went into business, he had a bad fever, in which the Lord manifested himself to him in such a manner as made him desirous to depart. But the disorder so hurt his nerves that the physician told him he would feel the effects of it all his life after. And he soon began to do this: those glooms taking place which beclouded his fairest prospects so many times since. He also lost a sense of the favour of God. But he continued to follow hard after him, and kept in connection with his people. He had frequently manifestations from the Lord, and experienced great deliverances from bodily disorders, and the powers of darkness. All this time he was remarkably exact in relative duties, particularly family worship; and many were the blessings his family enjoyed through that means. The sabbath was indeed his delight, and our sabbaths together were remarkably sweet. The covenant-times were often good to him.

During six weeks of his last illness he was in much heaviness through manifold temptations. He found many fears lest he should die without a full manifestation of divine love: but he had great patience and resignation. On Monday, the 17th of February, his soul entered into an agony of prayer. He cried, "I will not let thee go unless thou blest me." He prayed for full deliverance, and that he might be enabled to testify it to all around: and the Lord granted his request. Upon one saying, Let us try to turn our prayer into praise, and beginning to sing, My God I am thine! he took it up and sung, "My God I am thine! I am thine! What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine! Yes; thou art mine! mine for ever! My Beloved is mine, and I am his! Thou hast put off my mourning! There is now no condemnation: no condemnation! Thou hast blotted out the hand-writing that was against me!

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head!

Yes; with joy shall I lift up my head!

On a friend's saying, You remember the promise,
The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head;
with a look of heavenly sweetness and triumph he said,

"Satan thy due reward survey,
The Lord of life why didst thou slay?

Bind him Jesus! bruise him Lord! Thou hast bruised
him! thou hast!

Dear Lord my thankful heart shall raise,
The voice of pray'r, the voice of praise."

He then sung, "Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine"
—and went on, exerting himself for two hours, so that
we feared he would be quite spent, and advised him to

rest : on which he cried out with the greatest ardour,

“ For ever here my *rest* shall be,

Cloſe to thy bleeding ſide :

This all my hope, and all my plea,

For *me* the Saviour dy’d.

Yes, Thou haſt died for me ! for me ! No condemnation now I dread. Jeſus and all in him is mine.” He had continued all that night praifing and calling upon God, ſaying, “ I am thine ! I am thine !” and had very little reſt, ſo that in the morning his head ſeemed a little affected. But after ſome ſleep his underſtanding was as clear as ever.

In the afternoon, he made uſe of ſuch expreſſions of faith and love, as encouraged us to bear up under what we foreſaw would be the event. He broke out, “ Praise him ! praise him ! Let us magnify his name together ! Praise him all ye angels and archangels ! and all the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect. O ye ſpirits and ſouls of the righteous ! bleſs ye the Lord ; praise him and magnify him for ever ! for ever ! for ever !” With a face beaming with glory, and his hands ſpread out, he went on,

“ Glory is on earth begun ;

Everlaſting life is won.

Everlaſting life ! eternal glory ! mine ! mine ! eternally mine ! My ſun ſhall no more go down, nor my moon withdraw its ſhining.” His countenance naturally cheerful, was now lighted up with glory. His ſmiles were full of love, full of heaven : every ſmile divinely told the pleaſures of that place. When his raptures ſubſided, the ſpirit of a little child took place. He repeated the promiſe, “ Fear not, for I am with thee ; be not diſmayed, I am thy God : thy God ! yes : thou art my God for ever ! for ever and ever !”

He then ſolemnly ſurrendered himſelf up to God, and ſaid, “ I renounce all confidence in any thing I *have* done, or *can* do. I have no truſt or confidence

but in the atonement. I take the Lord Jesus for my prophet, priest, and king. "Take my soul and body's pow'rs; Take my memory, mind, and will: All my goods, and all my hours; All I know."—Here he paused: "Yes; all I know, and all I feel! But O Lord, who searchest the heart, and triest the reins, if thou seest any flaw in this covenant I know not, discover it to me. O let me not deceive myself! I cannot deceive thee." He then prayed for himself and us, that we might meet again, and be united for ever: always repeating, "for ever," with a peculiar emphasis.

[*To be continued.*]

Letters.

L E T T E R XVI.

[From Mrs. W. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

April 30, 1761.

Dear Sir,

AS you have not received my former letters, I will venture to write again. Since I received the blessing, many poor, dear souls have been with us before the throne of grace; and not in vain. Mourners have rejoiced, and wise men have become fools for Christ's sake. Lately I was called to London, not knowing for what. I went to prayer with my mother, and the Lord justified her. Her maid came to our house, longing for Christ: and God revealed him in her. I cannot tell you how good our dear Master has been, and continues to be to his unworthy creature. O that I could declare what he has done for *me* and all the ends of the earth.

Mr. Edward Perronet and Mr. J. Anson came to me yesterday. The former questioned me much. I simply

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answered him, and he at last prayed, that he might feel what we enjoyed. The Lord has now laid a great burden upon him, and he believes he shall partake of the blessing.

I remain yours, &c.

M. W.

LETTER XVII.

[From the same.]

May 2, 1761.

Dear Sir,

I Rejoice at your approving of my ardour for the cause of God, in whose strength I hope to go on, so as to amaze myself, as well as those who depend upon sinning as long as they live. The Lord has graciously given me a clean heart, and I hope to use it in his service. I find I speak less than I did, and what I do speak, I know is according to the will of God. And he enables me to baffle the assaults of wise, reasoning men, by simply declaring, "I love the Lord with my whole heart, mind, and soul."

I was thought to be stepping into eternity last week. But the Lord spared me, to go up with my children and servants, to Jerusalem, to worship. He was there of a truth: I rejoiced exceedingly, that ever I was born. I delivered my children into the Lord's hands, with all I have, and all I am. I find my love to the Lord, deep and solemn, and can always rejoice in him. It is not in my power to describe the blessings that are showered upon us. I trust the Lord will enlarge my powers, and that I shall employ them all for his praise. I think, he is willing to give *me* as much as any daughter he has on earth. O pray, that I may so use the grace received, as to gain souls for him. Do not think I boast, I feel my-

self a scrap of dust. But the Lord has lifted me up. And for his own glorious name's sake, he will sustain me to the end. I am not able to stir, unless Jesus help me: I am nothing! Christ is all in all!

Before you left town I was agonizing with excess of desire to love God alone. I knew the power was ready, whenever I asked for it in faith. I found it was like throwing myself into a rapid stream, where I must swim or perish. The Lord gave me faith, and a sweet serenity. Satan assaults; but Jesus keeps the citadel. Yet as I get strength, my inward trials are stronger and stronger. But I rejoice, knowing they shall all work together for good. To love Jesus is heaven upon earth. But I know no greater pain, next to hearing his name blasphemed, than to be debarred from declaring his mercy wherever I am. O what a day will that be, when we shall see his face, and live with him for ever!

Pray that I may be steady. I carry much sail, and need much ballast. But the voyage is short. My Pilot commands the winds, and I do not fear gaining the wished-for port.

I remain, yours, &c.

M. W.

L E T T E R XVIII.

[From the same.]

May 30, 1761.

Dear Sir,

I Cannot tell how often I have been prevented, when I have intended to answer your encouraging letter. Indeed, sir, I must praise the Lord Jesus. O he is lovely, and is more precious to me every day. Glory be to his name, he fulfils his promises to my happy soul every hour: and I am in pain, when I am not

some way employed to his honour. His tender care of me, melts me down, till I lose myself in him. And when I think, how near the time is come, that will deliver me to my Beloved, my soul grows too big for my breast, and I almost faint for joy. O what a calling is ours! To live with Christ Jesus my Lord, and that for ever! And does he not give us a foretaste of our bliss? Because my bodily strength was little, he has renewed it. Instead of creeping out of bed at ten, I am now waked by my Spouse, and rise at four, and all my family meet before five. Prayer is sweet. I would not accept the empire of the world, to keep me from that food of immortal souls. When temptations harass, till my body almost faints, my Lord is present with me. And glory be to his name, I can count it a blessing, when I am the most tried. I know it comes through him, to me his child, whom he eyes with earnest tenderness.

My son is much blest. He cries aloud for a clean heart, and attends the ordinances with keenness. *Harriet* is a proof of what the Lord can do in a child. Her prayers are indeed surprizing. Many are struck at her confident petitions and boldness, in declaring her love to the Lord. My house is a heaven upon earth. Hal-lélujah to the Lord.

I am yours, &c.

M. W.

LETTER XIX.

[From Miss B. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

March 7, 1761.

Dear Sir,

THE Lord has of late laid me on the hearts of many of his children: so that several of them said, they could not rest, till he had delivered me. For this fortnight he has been many times very nigh; but yet

the sons of Anak seemed to triumph, till on Thursday morning, being at prayer, I felt an hope, that he would keep me *every moment*. Yet I durst not say, "Christ *has* delivered me:" but "he *will* bruise Satan under my feet shortly." And I felt, as it were, a claim to Jesus, such as I never remember before. On Friday I saw his exceeding willingness to save, and could almost believe. At intercession, I felt every word sink into my soul: yet soon after, I was surrounded with such sorrow and anguish, that I could not forbear crying out exceedingly. I then felt a little power to believe; and my soul was calm. And I could not pray for any thing, but that he would do with me what seemed him good. When I waked this morning, my soul seemed absolutely empty: only I found power to lie before Jesus. After we left you, we went to Mr. Jay's, when the power of God was present indeed, and even I could say, "He *will* keep me without spot unto the day of redemption."

What the Lord has done, I know not; but I find an exceeding great change. Those sins that held me in the closest bondage, I know not what is become of them. I am accused almost every moment; but before I can look, the thing is gone. I feel no desire, but for Christ: no fear but of losing my hold of him. Yet I am often so tempted to give it up, that it is almost more than I can bear. I have but little love for God, though I love nothing so well. I feel but little difference every hour, and I long to see Jesus glorified. Yet I do not seem to be so joined to him as I would: only under his peculiar care, it seems, the man of sin is taken out of my heart, but I am not assured he shall never return. I find more need of watchfulness and prayer than ever, and of the means of all kinds. May there not be a measure of pure love, and doubts remain? Be that as it may, I will trust in Jesus. And though a host of foes surround me, I know he can deliver me from them all, and cast them under my feet.

I remain, yours, &c.

M. B.

L E T T E R XX.

[An Extract from one of Admiral T——ll's Letters to Nathaniel Gilbert, Esq.]

July 1, 1765.

SINCE Wednesday the 19th ult. I have had strong impressions that my sins were forgiven. I pray God it may not be a delusion. Yesterday I sweetly conversed with my Beloved, who drew me out into solitude and spoke peace to my soul. This morning I am under grievous temptations, but find my Beloved has not entirely hid himself from me. Truly I find a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me, and I find myself so weak that I am ready to fall. I cry unto the Lord, and have confidence that he will relieve me. I hunger and thirst after righteousness, and my heart panteth after the living God. I would rather chuse to be a poor despised Lazarus; tormented with all the afflictions of Job; condemned and despised by men and devils; sitting upon a dunghill to be trod under-foot by the meanest creatures; than fall into sin, and sit in the throne of the sun, giving laws to the solar system. And yet, O my God! if thou shouldest withdraw thyself from me but one moment, there is no baseness but what my corrupt heart would be guilty of. O that the Lord would purify me, and take me out of this wretched world! But I must have patience, and wait the Lord's own time, and with humble resignation bear my cross. The cup is very bitter, and the inward martyrdom most sharp. But, O my Saviour, I remember thy agonizing pains in the garden, and I call to mind thy cruel torments on the cross, when thou didst cry out, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani, to save wretched me from the pains of eternal death. O Lamb of God, save me in the hour of temptation, trial, tribulation, and sorrow!

O ye congregation of the righteous, offer up your prayers in behalf of a poor, weak brother, combating with the powers of darkness, that he may come off victorious.

Poetry.

*In Memory of Mr. CHARLES PERRONET, who died on
Monday, August 12th, 1776, aged 53.*

FAREWELL, thou man of complicated strife,
Thou heir immortal of immortal life!
Protracted years of long protracted pain
Were *here* thy portion—but are *now* thy gain.
Who try'd thy patience has refin'd its dross,
To bear his image as it bore his cross.

Yet not thy hope of pardon, or its crown,
From sorrows suffer'd, or from duties done:
This all from Him—whose everlasting grace
Became thy ransom, as it bought thy peace.

This all thy life, this all thy death confess,
That “Christ was all—and Refuse all the rest:”
Even Him—on whom as *first* and *last* depend,
Where grace shall work, and how that work shall end!

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow sends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his divine intent,
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wife,
Through all his art we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voy'ge of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
He vainly trusts his own.

But ours alone can ne'er prevail,
To reach the distant coast,
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

VERSES wrote by Mrs. D. K——, of Dublin.

THE morning breaks, my soul awake
To sing new songs of praise;
My joyful theme of him I make,
Who lengthens out my days.

In gentle slumbers pass'd the night,
In joyful hope the day,
In praising him, with great delight,
Who keeps me in his way.

While here a stranger far from home,
O keep my heart above!
Till brighter views of Jesus come,
And all my soul is love.